THE DIFFERENCE.

Florida Girl Made More Money Out of Chickens Than Sister by Teaching.

That chicken ranching in Florida is one of the most profitable industries that can be engaged in by those living near the edge of a growing city, is being amply demonstrated in and around Jacksonville and the following from the editorial columns of the Tampa Daily Times shows that this is an industry that even women can engage in and make enough to supply all their wants and leave something for a savings account:

"There was once a family in Florida—and is yet, so far as that goes—in which there were two daughters and no sons. The family lived in the outskirts of a city and the father had regular employment. At a family council it was decided that the family energies should be pooled in giving one of the daughters an education so that she could teach and add her salary to the family purse. It was done. Mary was sent to school and in due time attained an education sufficient for the purpose, acquired a certificate, obtained a school and taught it quite acceptably. Emma, the other daughter, being debarred from education, turned her attention to chickens, to which she devoted intelligent energy and other qualities necessary to success. By the time Mary was earning $60 a month for eight months in the year and spending a hundred dollars a year to maintain her standing educationally and socially, Emma was making a hundred dollars every month in the year and had no special expenses devolving upon her. But it begins to look as if she would have to invest $10 in a bulldog to keep young fellows away."—Times-Union.

For Sale.

My 7-room house, corner Duval street and Mussey avenue; has hard surface street; five minutes' walk to postoffice; three minutes' walk to new union depot; lot 185 feet on Duval street and 200 feet on Mussey avenue; excellent garden spot; large barn; plenty of stall room for horse and cow.

GEORGE E. PORTER, Jr.

The Farmers' Union University

The people of Atlanta and vicinity should exert every effort to secure the great university which is to be established by the national organization of the Farmers' Union.

Many important and progressive enterprises have been set on foot by the Farmers' Union, looking to the welfare of the farmers, but none of them is more genuinely entitled to a cordial support than this plan of a central university where the youth of the rising generation will be educated to the idea of a return to the farm.

The Farmers Educational and Co-operative Union, to give the full name of the organization which has grown during the past few years with such astonishing rapidity and has accomplished so much for the welfare of the farmer, has always laid special stress upon the educational feature of its work, and the plan of establishing a great central university has long been one of its most cherished projects.

Arrangements have now been perfected to establish this university, and the only question which remains to be determined is where shall it be located. There are many competitors for the honor of securing this institution. Some communities have offered to donate several thousand acres of land in order to secure the institution, while other places are offering still other inducements. The true place for this university is in or near Atlanta, and if our people will give the matter the attention which its importance demands we can secure it for ourselves.

The first efforts will be directed toward the establishment of the university, but afterwards it is proposed by the Farmers' Union to establish branch academies in such sections as will justify such a step, and there the students will be educated with a view to sending them on to the university when they are qualified.

One of the great missions of the times is to educate the young men of the South that their future is on the farms. Something must be done to counteract the pernicious tendency to flock to the cities. Here in the South we have a genial climate and a fruitful soil, which, as Douglas Jerrold said, "needs but to be tickled with a hoe to make it laugh with a harvest." The rural life of the South under the better conditions which are sure to prevail if the plans and purposes of the Farmers' Union are sustained, will become as ideal as that of an English country gentleman.

The successive generations of our Southern young men must be taught not only the things contained in an ordinary collegiate or academic course, but they must be taught the science of agriculture, which in many respects is the greatest of all sciences. They must be taught how to make country life attractive and to improve the natural advantages which are spread about us with a lavish hand.

To do these things is the purpose of the university to be established by the Farmers' Union.—Atlanta Journal.

A Tragedy at Inverness.

A terrible accident occurred at the home of M. M. VanNess some time during Thursday night of last week. Mrs. VanNess retired with her two daughters, aged respectively three years and three months. When she awoke she found the elder child lying across the younger one, the latter smothered to death. The grief of the agonized parents knew no bounds, yet no one can be accountable for the accident. The sympathies of all are with the bereaved ones.—Inverness Chronicle.

Subscribe for the Democrat, $1.00.

A Tempest in a Teapot.

What war was caused by a clay teapot?

For an answer to this question we must go, as might be supposed, to the land of pigtails and porcelain. The story goes that a Chinese emperor in olden days gave as a mark of special favor a magnificent clay teapot of rare design to Le Hung Chang, his favorite mandarin. This was laid up as a priceless possession among the treasures of Le Hung or borne at his side by two attendants at all high public festivals and functions. A rival mandarin saw these signs of distinction with the green eyes of jealousy and hired a man to break the obnoxious pot. The clumsy fellow was caught in the act and betrayed his master. War followed between the two mandarins and their respective followers, which resulted in the overthrow and death of Le Hung Chang and the reception of his rival into royal favor in his place.

Soot on His Suit.

They were having a spelling lesson at a certain district school the other day, and the little scholars were all arranged in front of the teacher, spelling away for dear life, trying to see how near they could get to the head.

The word "chimney" was given out to a little black eyed girl who had been spelling words correctly throughout the morning, but she missed this one by inadvertently leaving out the "h."

Quick as a wink the little boy next her pounced on the word and spelled it correctly.

"You may go up one, Johnnie," said the teacher.

"I don't want to," whined Johnnie, getting ready to cry. "My mother would whip me if I did, because I'd get all over soot."—London Fun.

Might Have Been Put Differently.

We cut the announcement below from a New Zealand paper: "Notice.—The Maoris who are breeding pigs in Takahue, such as Mrs. Peter and Mr. Sam Yates, are supposed to look after their pigs and keep them away from rooting my paddocks, or else if they do not I shall shoot every pig I come across. Secretary L. Howe."

This is decidedly one of the things that might have been put differently.—Westminster Gazette.

On the Road to Learning.

"You say you know nothing at all about our railway?" said the official.

"Nothing whatever," answered the applicant for employment.

"Well, you come highly recommended. I suppose we'll have to put you in the bureau of information and let the traveling public educate you."—Washington Star.

Probably.

Myer—I wonder why Browne added the "e" to his name after inheriting a fortune? Gyer—He probably figures out to his own satisfaction that rich people are entitled to more ease than poor people.—London Globe.

The Southerner and Corn.

The southerner feeds himself, his pigs and his progeny upon corn. He slept in his frontiersman's cabin upon a mattress made of the husks. Today he contributes some of its pith to the manufacture of guncotton with which to blow the enemy to Beelzebub and some more of it to the manufacture of cellulose to pack behind the armor of his country's battleships to prevent them from sinking when projectiles pierce their plates. He plants corn as early in the springtime as the season will permit and gets up at dawn to go into the fields and tickle its spreading roots with a double shovel plow. In midwinter he smokes his corncob pipe before a corncob fire. Looking into a bed of glowing embers through a blue haze of the smoke of incense burned to Mondamin, he returns thanks for the cornmeal in the cupboard and dreams happily of the "roas'n ear" of the golden summer to come. His appreciation of the value of Indian corn is high. His affection for it in its various forms is abiding.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Argyll and Longfellow.

The great Duke of Argyll was visiting his son, then governor general of Canada, and met Longfellow in the American poet's ancient colonial mansion at Cambridge, Mass. As they sat together on the veranda the duke persistently asked the names of the various birds he saw and heard singing in the poet's trees as well as of the flowers and bushes growing in his extensive and beautiful garden. Longfellow was neither botanist nor ornithologist and did not know.

"I was surprised to find your Longfellow such an ignorant person," said the duke subsequently to an American acquaintance.

"Indeed! Pray, on what subject?"

"Why, he could not tell me the names of the birds and flowers to be heard and seen in his own garden."

"May I ask how many languages you speak?" the American asked.

"Certainly—but one."

"Mr. Longfellow," was the answer, "speaks six and translates freely from almost all the languages of Europe."

In Stock.

Joker—Do you keep smoking tobacco? Clerk—Sure, we do. Joker—What kind is it? Clerk—Chewing tobacco, of course.—Cornell Widow.

Down on Rival Plants.

Wife—John, the hens have scratched up that eggplant seed you sowed. Hub—Darn 'em! Jealousy, I suppose.—Boston Transcript.

PULL FOR LIVE OAK OR PULL OUT